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YALTA AFTERMATH*

by ISAAC DON LEVINE

Washington, D. C., June 30, 1945

THE road to Teheran, Yalta and Berlin has from its very inception witnessed a race between President Roosevelt's pursuit of Soviet cooperation within the framework of a world organization and Stalin's unrelenting efforts to expand, through seizure and aggrandizement, the Soviet realm. While Roosevelt was busy building the peace of tomorrow, Stalin was preying upon his smaller and weaker neighbors in both Europe and Asia, from Finland to Iran.

This race is the pivot of the history of our days. It is a race between direct action and devious policy. For President Roosevelt never directly challenged the unilateral performances of Moscow. Instead he pressed more and more for the creation of international machinery to checkmate such action. However, the more Roosevelt sought to pin Stalin down through the device of a world organization, the more hurried and frequent became Stalin's overt and covert acts of expansion. Through such procedure Stalin had carved out for himself a vast new domain in Europe while the atmosphere of the great democracies reverberated with the song of international cooperation. By the time the Yalta conference convened, even the blind could see that Soviet unilateral action was making a mockery of world cooperation. President Roosevelt had to go to Yalta. He went determined to win the race against Stalin—by bringing into being his world organization for peace.

Now it can be told that although the President of the United States and Prime Minister Churchill traveled to the distant Soviet Union, they were kept waiting for nearly twenty-four hours at Yalta by Stalin, who somehow could not manage to arrive in time from near-by Moscow to receive his guests. This was an unprecedented discourtesy to the President of the United States, whose rank, moreover, took precedence over that of Premier Stalin.

As the Crimea conference opened, it appeared that the hosts had taken exceptional care to keep the British and American delegations apart in the hours between sessions so as to prevent a free and full exchange of views between them. When the British representatives used some automobiles for an occasional drive, the Americans would be told that no motor cars were available for them, and vice versa.

It was inevitable that out of Yalta would come a high-sounding document serving as a cover for surrender to Stalin on all substantial issues.

The Soviet leader demanded and obtained the Allies' consent to allow the Red Army alone to take Berlin—an immense prize in prestige for Moscow. Stalin secured the extension of the Soviet area of occupation far and deep to the west in Germany, and regardless of the lines held by his forces at the cessation of hostilities.

Next Stalin exacted the recognition of his Polish puppet regime, thus winning his main objective, a broad highway from Eurasia to Germany, the heart of Europe. Roosevelt's abandonment of the legitimate Polish government in London, the first victim of Nazi aggression in the war, did not come off without a struggle within the American delegation. There were some high-ranking officers whose code did not permit them to cast a small but tested ally into the maw of a great though doubtful associate power. In return for the agreement to organize a new government of national unity around the core of his satellite Lublin Committee, Stalin joined in a pledge to hold free and unfettered elections in Poland. That he could well afford to grant, having had long experience with elections under a one-party system, without a free press, without freedom of assembly and speech, and under the vigilant supervision of a secret police. Such elections were known to pile up majorities closely approximating that well advertised figure of 99.4%.

Yalta, like Teheran, was triumphantly hailed as the symbol of a new harmony with the Soviet Union.

The aftermath of Yalta came with overpowering swiftness. While most of the opinion makers in the United States were still celebrating the newest era of cooperation so eloquently promised by the Yalta Declaration, and even before President Roosevelt had returned to Washington, a fresh chain of startling developments was unleashed from Moscow.

On February 27, as soon as Roosevelt stepped on the shores of his homeland, a disagreeable development occurred in "liberated" Rumania where the Red Army was exclusively in control.

In March Moscow denounced the Russo-Turkish Treaty of nonaggression, to the accompaniment of a campaign by the Soviet radio and press attacking the Turkish Government as pro-

Fascist for remaining neutral during the war.

President Roosevelt was confronted during the same month of March with a new grave crisis over the Polish problem which had seemingly been settled at Yalta a few weeks earlier. That settlement called for an inter-Allied commission consisting of Foreign Commissar Molotov, United States Ambassador W. Averell Harriman and British Ambassador Sir Clarke Kerr to set up a Polish government of national unity from among "democratic leaders from within Poland and from abroad." The commission met in Moscow, but made no headway whatsoever. The Soviet representative again and again discarded every name of a Polish leader suggested by the Allied commissioners for the new government. Molotov interpreted the Yalta agreement as making it mandatory to recognize the Lublin puppet regime with the addition of some hand-picked Polish leaders from abroad.

Although the Soviet stand was justified in barring members of the London government-in-exile from the new government, according to the unfortunate wording of the Yalta Declaration, it could not possibly apply to the heroic chiefs of the Polish underground movement who certainly would qualify as "Democratic leaders within Poland." Stalin took measures to remove their candidacy as well.

While the inter-Allied commission was discussing various proposals, an invitation reached the heads of the underground forces in Poland on March 11 from Colonel of the Guards Pimenov to meet with the high command of the Red Army. Wrote Colonel Pimenov: "As an officer of the Red Army who had been entrusted with such a highly important mission, I guarantee to you on my word as an officer that . . . after your arrival at our quarters, you will be absolutely safe."

As a result of an exchange of messages establishing that the Soviet command was acting with the personal knowledge of Stalin, the leaders of the underground revealed themselves and made a date to meet on March 27 General Ivanov of the Soviet high command. On March 25, General Okulicki of the Polish underground radioed to his government in London:

"The Soviets have promised to make it possible for the Government Delegate and two representatives of each of the political parties to consult with you. For this purpose, they are to provide a plane on March 29. It may be that I, too, will be able to come. We have given the Soviets our guarantee that the consultations and the flight to you will be kept secret."

All the while the governments of the United States and of Great Britain were kept fully and promptly informed of these
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Front cover: Figure of Christ standing before the Church of the Holy Cross in Warsaw. In the background is the statue of Copernicus and the Staszyc Institute of Science. Everything in the picture but the statue of Christ was destroyed during the Uprising of 1944.

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JOHN LESINSKI

Interviewed by MIECZYSLAW M. NOWINSKI

This is the first in a series of interviews covering the life and activities of the Representatives of Polish ancestry in the 79th Congress of the U. S.

HONORABLE John Lesinski of Dearborn, Michigan, represents the Sixteenth Congressional District of Michigan in the Congress of the United States. He has the distinction of being the only person who has ever represented that Congressional District in the National House of Representatives because when it was newly created in 1932 he was elected in the general election and has served continuously since the opening day of the Seventy-third Congress, which was on March 9, 1933. This is his seventh consecutive term as a Member of Congress. The only other Member of Congress of Polish descent who has that distinction is Congressman John Dingell, who represents the Fifteenth Congressional District of Michigan, which adjoins the District represented by Congressman Lesinski.

Congressman Lesinski was born at Erie, Pennsylvania, on January 3, 1885. At the age of three months his parents moved to Detroit and he has resided in the Detroit area since that time. He is married and has seven children. His oldest son, John Lesinski, Jr., is in the United States Navy—in fact, he has served several hitches—and has been on active duty since prior to Pearl Harbor. He has recently been awarded the Purple Heart, with cluster, as well as the Navy and Marine Corps Medal for heroism aboard the Aircraft Carrier ST. L.O., which perished from Jap bombs last October after having slugged it out with Jap battleships and cruisers in a sea fight that has won the country's admiration.

Congressman Lesinski is a self-made man. He started to work at the age of thirteen for his father who operated a small hardware store. At eighteen, young Lesinski started his own construction and real estate business in the Detroit area. Eight years later he had constructed 4,000 houses, which was the nucleus around which the present city of Hamtramck, Michigan, was built. He established the Hamtramck Lumber & Supply Co., and the First State Bank of Hamtramck, now known as the Peoples Wayne County Bank of Hamtramck; later he established the Dearborn Lumber & Coal Co., of Dearborn, Michigan. During the first World War, and for thirteen years thereafter, he was President of the Polish Citizens' Committee of Detroit, which committee was a part of the national organization of which the Honorary Chairman was Ignacy Jan Paderewski. In 1918 he was chairman of the Committee on Arrangements when the first Congress of Polish Organizations was held in Detroit and he assisted in organizing the Polish Army recruited in America and sent to France, which was known as the Haller Army. In 1920 he was State Commissioner in charge of the sale of Polish bonds. For his great and outstanding services to the land of his forefathers he was honored by the Polish Government and presented with the *Polonia Restituta*.

Congressman Lesinski is the only Member of Congress from the State of Michigan who is chairman of a standing committee—the Committee on Invalid Pensions. He was the author of the first pension bill granting monetary benefits to

the veterans of this present Global War, and their dependents. He was successful in having this bill passed by the House without a dissenting vote the very next day after we declared war on the Axis Powers. He is also the only Democratic Member of Congress from Michigan who is a member of the Committee on Labor; the Committee on Immigration and Naturalization; the Committee on Education; the Committee on Coinage, Weights, and Measures; and the Committee on Election of President, Vice-President, and Representatives in Congress. In addition to these assignments on standing committees of the House, by virtue of appointment by Honorable Sam Rayburn, Speaker of the House of Representatives, he is a member of the powerful Steering Committee of Congress which determines the administrative policies and the legislation to be considered by the Congress.

In addition to the work incident to his committee assignments, Congressman Lesinski is an extremely busy man because his Congressional District is the largest industrial district in the world, being in the very heart of the "Arsenal of Democracy."

In addition to Congressman Lesinski's manifold official duties, let us see what other matters occupy "genial John" in his "spare" time. He is an active member of the Polish Turner's Club; the Polish National Alliance; the Polish Roman Catholic Union; the Knights of Columbus; and a score of important political clubs and organizations. His membership in all of them is not limited to the holding of a membership card—instead, he is one of the most active delegates to the various conventions and caucuses of the organizations to which he belongs. An outstanding speaker, he is in constant demand for mass meetings of political and patriotic rallies, as well as by the Red Cross and in bond campaigns.

All these activities do not interfere with his work in Congress—he is on his feet all the time. While a 100% Democrat and Administration man, Congressman Lesinski is a bitter critic of waste and mismanagement and of communistic influences in Government bureaus. He

is a champion of the rights of the common man without prejudice as to race or creed. His communistic opponents often brand him as an enemy of the Russian people—nothing could be further from the truth. Congressman Lesinski is a friend of the Russian people but he is an outspoken enemy of communists and their fellow-travelers. His speeches regarding communistic influences in the O.W.I., the double-cross of Poland, the fate of the Baltic countries, and communistic rule in Rumania, Bulgaria, and Europe in general, are read all over the country.

At present Congressman Lesinski is gravely concerned with the fate of millions of Poles in Europe who, as slave laborers, prisoners of war, and members of the Polish Army, have found themselves in the situation of people without a country. The great majority of these people who fought the Germans from the first day of the war, refuse to return to the present Soviet-Lublinized Poland.

In connection with this problem I called upon Congressman Lesinski to ascertain what is being done in this country to protect these people. Congressman Lesinski assured me
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Hon. John Lesinski, Representative from Michigan.

SRUL--FROM LUBARTOW*

A Short Story by ADAM SZYMANSKI

I

IT happened in the year; but no matter what year. Suffice it to say that it happened, and that it happened at Yakutsk in the beginning of November, about a month after my arrival at that citadel of frosts. The thermometer was down to 35 degrees below zero. I was therefore thinking anxiously of the coming fate of my nose and ears, which, fresh from the West, had been making silent but perceptible protests against their compulsory acclimatization, and today were to be submitted to yet further trials. These latest trials were due to the fact that one of the men in our colony, Peter Kurp, nicknamed Baldyga, had died in the local hospital two days before, and early that morning we were going to do him a last service, by laying his wasted body in the half-frozen ground.

The hospital was outside the town. In the courtyard, and at some distance from the other buildings, stood a small shed—the mortuary.

In this mortuary lay Baldyga's body.

When the doors were opened, we entered, and the scene within made a painful impression on the few of us present. We were about ten people, possibly a few more, and we all involuntarily looked at one another: we were standing opposite a cold and bare reality, not veiled by any vestige of pretence . . .

Never shall I forget Baldyga's face as I saw it then with the light full upon it, and washed by the snow. There was something strange and indescribably sad in the rough, strongly marked countenance; the large pupils and projecting eyeballs seemed to look far away into the distance towards the stern frosty sky.

The petrified body had been laid in the coffin, and placed upon the small one-horse Yakut sledge. Then the tailor's wife—a person versed in religious practices,—undertook the office of priest for such time as we could give her, and began to sing "Ave Maria," while we joined in with voices broken with emotion. After this we proceeded to the cemetery.

We each threw a handful of frozen earth on to the coffin . . . A few deft strokes of the spade . . . and in a moment only a small freshly turned mound of earth remained to bear witness to Baldyga's yet recent existence in this world.

The day following the funeral the frost was yet more severe. The air was so highly condensed through the extreme cold that I continually heard the metallic sound of creaking snow, the sharp reports of the walls and ground cracking in the frost, or the moaning song of a Yakut. Evidently those Yakut frosts were beginning, which reduce the most terrible Arctic cold to insignificance. They fill human beings with unspeakable dread.

And Baldyga was continually in my mind, as if he were alive. I had sat for hours at my half-finished task. Home-sickness was devouring and making pitiless havoc of me.

I had been unable to resist dreaming so many times already; was it likely I should withstand the temptation today? The temptation was stronger, and I was weaker than usual.

So begone frost and snow, begone the existence of Yakutsk! I threw down my pen, and surrounding myself with clouds of tobacco smoke, plunged into the waters of feverish imagination.

And how it carried me away! . . . My thoughts fled rapidly to the far West, across morasses and steppes, mountains and rivers, across countless lands and cities, and spread a scene



... In this mortuary lay Baldyga's body. Drawing by A. Kamiński

of true enchantment before me. There on the Vistula lay my native plains, free from misery and human passions, beautiful and harmonious. My lips cannot utter, nor my pen describe their charm!

. . . Every single nerve felt the caress of my native air . . . I was touched by the life-giving power of the sun's rays; and although the frost outside creaked more fiercely, and showed its teeth at me on the window panes more menacingly, yet the blood circulated in my veins more rapidly, my head burned, and I sat as if spellbound, deaf, no longer seeing or hearing anything round me . . .

II

I looked up. Although he was dressed in ox and stag's hide, I had no doubt that a typical Polish Jew from a small town stood before me. I gazed into the well-known features with a certain degree of pleasure; the Jew's appearance at that moment seemed quite natural, since it carried me in thought and feeling to my native land, and the few Polish words sounded dear to my ear. Half dreaming still, I looked at him kindly.

The Jew stood still for a moment, then turned, and retreating to the door, began to pull off his multifarious coverings.

"In heaven's name, man, what are you doing?" I cried quickly, "I do not want to buy anything; I am not wanting anything. Do not unload yourself in vain, and go away with God's blessing!"

The Jew stopped undoing his things, and after a moment's consideration, came towards me with his long fur coat half trailing behind him, and began to mumble quickly in broken sentences: "It's all right; I know you won't buy anything. Sir. I saw you, for I have been here a long time, a very long time . . . I didn't know before that you had come . . . You come from Warsaw, don't you, Sir? They only told me yesterday evening that you had been here four months already; what a pity it was such a time before I heard of it! If you will allow me, Sir,—I won't interrupt for long? . . . only just a few words . . ."

"What do you want of me?"

"I should only like to have a little chat with you, Sir."

This answer did not greatly surprise me. I had already come across not a few people, Jews among them, who had called solely for the purpose of "having a little chat" with a man recently arrived from their country. So, although I should have been glad to rid my cottage as quickly as possible

of the unpleasant odor of the ox-hide coat,—badly tanned, as usual—I begged him in a friendly way to take it off and sit down.

The Jew was evidently pleased. He took a seat beside me at once and I could now observe him closely. The haggard face expressed a certain frank sincerity, and did not make a disagreeable impression on me.

"Tell me where you come from, what your name is, what you are doing here, and why you wish to see me?"

"Please, Sir, I am Srul, from Lubartow. Perhaps you know it,—just a stone's throw from Lublin?—Well, at home everyone thinks it a long way from there, and formerly I thought so too. But now," he added with emphasis, "we know that Lubartow is quite close to Lublin, a mere stone's throw."

"And have you been here long?"

"Very long; three good years."

"That is not so very long; there are people who have lived here for over 20 years, and I met an old man from Wilno in the road, who had been here close upon 50 years. Those have really been a long time."

But the Jew snubbed me. "As to them, I can't say. I only know that I have been here a long time."

"You must certainly live quite alone, if the time seems so long to you?"

"With my wife and child—my daughter. I had four children when I set out, but, may the Lord preserve us, it was such a long way, we were traveling a whole year. Do you know what such a journey means, Sir? . . . Three children died in one week—died of travelling as it were."

I decided to change the conversation by asking him straight out what he wanted to talk to me about now.

"I should like to know the news from there, Sir. I have been here so many years, and I have never yet heard what is going on there."

"You are asking a good deal, for I can't exactly tell you everything. I don't know what interests you,—politics perhaps?"

The Jew was silent.

I concluded that my present guest, like many of the others, was interested in politics; but as I myself did not understand the very elements of the subject, I began to give the stereotyped account I had already composed with a view to frequent repetition of the situation of European politics, our own, and so forth. But the Jew fidgeted impatiently.

"Then this does not interest you?" I asked.

"I have never thought about it," he answered candidly.

"Ah, now I know why you have come! I am sure you wish to know how the Jews are doing, and how trade is going?"

"They are better off than I am."

"Exactly. I am sure, under the circumstances, you will wish to know if living is dear with us, what the market prices are, how much for butter, meat, etc."

"What does it concern me if it is ever so cheap there, if I can get nothing here?"

"Quite right again; but what the devil did you actually come here for?"

"Since I don't know myself, I ask you, Sir, how I am to tell you? You see, Sir, I often get thinking . . . I think so much . . . that Ryfka (that's my wife) asks, 'Srul, what's the matter with you?' And what can I tell her, for I don't know myself what it is. Perhaps some people

would laugh at me?" he added, as if fearing I were amongst them.

But I did not laugh; I was interested—The Jew thanked me with a glance, and after a moment's thought opened the conversation thus:

"When did you leave Warsaw, Sir?"

"According to the Russian calendar, at the end of April."

"Was it cold there then or warm?"

"Quite warm. I travelled in a summer suit at first."

"Well, just fancy, Sir! Here it was freezing."

"Then you have forgotten, is that it? Anyway, with us the fields are sown in April, and all the trees are green."

"Green?" Joy shone in Srul's eyes. "Why, yes, yes—green:—and here it was freezing!"

Now at last I knew why he had come to me. Wishing to make certain, however, I was silent: the Jew was evidently getting animated.

"Well, Sir, you might tell me if there is any—with us now . . . but you see, I don't know what it's called; I have already forgotten Polish," he apologized shyly, as if he had ever known it—it's white like a pea blossom, yet it's not a pea, and in summer it grows in gardens round houses, on those tall stalks?"

"Kidney beans?"

"That's just it! Kidney beans! Kidney beans!" he repeated to himself several times, as if wishing to impress those words on his memory for ever.

"Of course there are plenty of those. But are there none here?"

"Here! I have never seen a single pod all these past three years. Here the peas are what at home we should not expect the . . . the . . ."

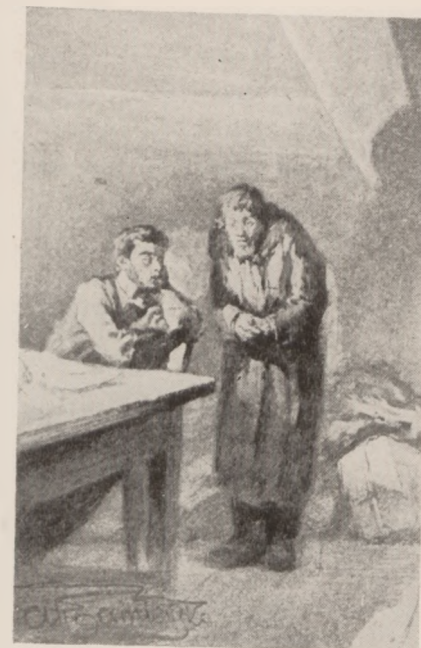
"The pigs to eat," I suggested.

"Well, yes! Here they sell them by the pound, and it's not always possible to get them."

"Are you so fond of kidney beans?"

"It's not that I am fond of them, but they are so beautiful that . . . I don't know why . . . I often get to thinking and thinking how they may be growing round my house. Here there's nothing!"

"And now, Sir," he recommenced, "will you tell me, if those small grey birds are still there in the winter,—like this—" and he measured with his hand. "I have forgotten their names too. Formerly there were a great many, when I used to pray by the window. They used



Drawing by A. Kamiński
"Listen, brother . . ."



... Face of Baldyga and Srul's drawn face
wet with tears . . .

* Condensed from Else C. M. Benecke's translation. Adam Szyman-ski wrote this Siberian "Sketch" from personal experience (1895), having spent a number of years in the cold Yakut country as a Polish political exile deported there by the Czarist Russian government.

POLISH INVASION AT CLOSE RANGE*

Our Great Enemy Is Aloof Indifference to the Rights of Man

by DOROTHY ADAMS, Author of "We Stood Alone"

CALL US TO WITNESS. A Polish Chronicle. By Hania and Gaither Warfield. . . 434 pp. . . . New York: Ziff-Davis Publishing Company. . . . \$3.

IN this chronicle of Nazi occupation in Poland, those pitiful creatures liberated from the camps in Germany, those piles of corpses, bones and ashes, come alive. They become people, people who helped in our victory.

Mr. Warfield went to Poland as head of the Methodist Church. He married a Polish girl, who had been educated in England and was later naturalized as a citizen of the United States. At the outbreak of the war, he left his wife in a hamlet on the Polish-Czech border where his parents had had a summer cottage, and returned to Warsaw. Mrs. Warfield, therefore, saw the German invasion at very close range. Her house stood in no-man's land.

Toward the end of the bombardment of Warsaw, Mr. Warfield escaped east with other refugees, sharing their vicissitudes along the highroad. Like them he was astonished to meet the Red Army, not as companions in arms, joining in the fight against the Germans, but as conquerors who attacked and imprisoned the Poles. Shipped against his will into Russia, Mr. Warfield, "a product of a civilization built upon respect for man, became a nameless object, robbed of human rights, stripped of dignity." At first he had the attitude common to most Americans that calamities which befell others could not touch him. But though, as an American, he was put in the best room of the camp, he slept on bare boards of the floor packed like a sardine between the other men without room to stretch out his legs. Finally he was exchanged by the Russians for Jews expelled by the Germans. But he was too weak for slave labor and the Germans released him like many others.

In the mean time Mrs. Warfield came to Warsaw to seek news of her husband. The train on which she traveled was so crowded, she had to stand on one foot, and, as a kindness, balanced on her head a box of orchids with which her neighbor intended bribing a German.

* From *New York Herald Tribune Weekly Book Review*, July 15, 1945.



Hania and Gaither Warfield.

During the following three years it took unlimited tenacity and courage to perform even the most commonplace acts, finding food and clothes, giving advice as help to one or another of their friends, many of whom were Jewish people. Just withstanding the nervous strain required superhuman endurance. German friends of twenty years standing turned informer, joined the Volksdeutsche and callously accepted the deportations to slave labor as "educational."

In trying to recover parish property in Poznan, the Warfields encountered German settlers who had moved into the confiscated homes of Poles and treated them with wanton heartlessness. The only exceptions to universal German cruelty were former German pastors or pacifists who hid their responsibility behind a cloak of Christian humility and "gave moral support to the monsters ruling Germany by saying 'nothing is done without the consent of the Lord.'"

There were even Americans in Berlin at that time who accepted the ultimate triumph of the Germans. Mr. and Mrs. Warfield came to the conclusion that you can struggle against vice and evil but there is no weapon against moral cowardice—when they returned to Warsaw "the contrast with Berlin was startling; ruin, rags, haggard faces, and yet in the midst of this desolation, faith in the imminent victory."

After Pearl Harbor, Mr. Warfield and other men in the American colony were arrested by the Gestapo and interned in Germany. In June, 1942, they were exchanged on the Drottningholm. Yet, even on that boat were Americans who still considered peace as the supreme goal of existence, without the thought of justice even crossing their minds, so impressed by the horror of war that they were ready to make every concession to prevent it.

These Americans had not lost, as had the Warfields, their confidence in bank accounts and securities—their faith in natural progress. They had not seen mankind die behind ghetto walls.

In vain Mrs. Warfield pleaded with them, "Don't you see that when nations value comfort more than freedom, prosperity more than human rights, peace more than justice, they have lost the right to exist. Our great enemy is not pain, death, war, but aloof indifference to the rights of man."

This is a sincere and appealing story.

"MARCH 1941"

The contrast of Warsaw, after ten days in Berlin, was startling. Ruins, rags, and haggard faces. And yet, in the midst of this desolation, faith in an imminent victory swept over me like a wave. I knew we would win. And my conviction was shared, as a current anecdote plainly showed:

The Lord, hearing a commotion on earth, sent the Archangel Gabriel to investigate. Gabriel returned looking perplexed.

"Indeed, I don't know what it's all about," he said. "They all seem to have gone mad. In England I found life pretty

much as usual. Tea at five, dinner at eight, and everyone in civilian clothes. But all I could hear was, 'War, war, war.' In Germany I saw nothing but airplanes, tanks, and marching men in uniform, and all repeated, like maniacs, 'Peace, peace, peace.' The craziest people, however, were in Poland. There I found nothing but prisons, ghettos, and concentration camps filled with hungry beggars. And yet the only cry I heard was 'Victory, victory, victory.'"

—Excerpt from "Call Us to Witness."

POLISH SHIP CLOSES CHAPTER IN TRANS-ATLANTIC MUNITIONS TRANSPORT

ON August 1, when the last munitions ship left for Europe, Caven Point in the southern part of Jersey City, N. J., was revealed as the greatest ammunition shipping point in the world. The Polish ship, *Stalowa Wola* of Gdynia had the honor of being that last ship. She was also one of the first to dock there soon after the pier was completed.

The *Stalowa Wola* was purchased by the great Polish shipping concern, Gdynia America Line on February 13, 1936, for its Gdynia-South America trade.

When war broke out on September 1, 1939, the *Stalowa Wola* was in Pernambuco, Brazil, from where she proceeded to Dakar, French West Africa. Upon the fall of France early in 1940, the Polish ship escaped to South Africa and then went on to Britain. She has crossed the Atlantic 20 times, carrying munitions supplies to England from the Port of New York. On her last voyage out, she carried 700 tons of lend-lease munitions, and a crew of 33, smaller than in wartime, for merchant ships plying the Atlantic no longer have gun crews.

According to Captain Edward Hiller, a native of Warsaw, Poland, who has been with the ship since 1941, originally as First Mate and for the past two and a half years as her skipper, no special precautions were taken on munitions-carrying ships during the European war. Such ships crossed in convoys as did all others.

Before the war, Captain Hiller served with the Gdynia-America Line. From early in 1936, he was an officer on the *Morska Wola* on which ship he served until 1941, making two wartime voyages across the Atlantic. In 1941, he transferred to the *Stalowa Wola*.

The *Stalowa Wola* derives her name from that of a town in the Central Industrial Region of Poland.

Caven Point handled more than 50 per cent of all the munitions sent to Europe from the East Coast of the United States. A total of 2,696,811 measurement tons of explosives passed through this secret pier without any major disasters. The dock, so long that eight ships could load at one time, is but a scant half mile away from the Statue of Liberty on Bedloe's Island.

More than once during the four years since America entered the war, Caven Point has held some 52,000 tons of explosives, ammunition, and even the six-ton blockbuster bombs used to flatten German cities. This amount could have, in case of explosion, wiped out a five mile radius of the New York metropolitan area. Lesser damage would have been done up to a distance of some 20 miles. Thus, had any major accident occurred, the resulting explosion at the pier would have been far greater than that of the Black Tom Terminal set off by German saboteurs during the first World War.

During the war, the pier employed on the average, an Army personnel of about 1,000 along with some 2,000 civilians. Besides the maintenance of absolute secrecy, other precautions taken at the pier included heavy fines imposed by Jersey courts on any man found smoking or even carrying matches in the area.

Guards at the gates searched everyone entering for matches or lighters. During the four years, there was only one serious alarm. That came in 1943 when a freighter loaded with munitions caught fire, but was towed out and sunk before any explosions started.



Stalowa Wola leaves Caven Point, N. J. Major General Clarence H. Kells, Commanding General of the New York Port of Embarkation, casts off the last hawser of the departing Polish ship as Colonel John U. Schiess, Commanding Officer of Caven Point, looks on.

Ceremonies held as the *Stalowa Wola* departed on August 1, were attended by Col. John U. Schiess, commanding officer of Caven Point, Major General Clarence H. Kells, commanding general of the New York Port of Embarkation, together with city officials representing Mayor Frank Hague of Jersey City. A military band and 500 military policemen also took part in the ceremonies as the *Stalowa Wola* pulled out. Now the pier that cost \$17,000,000 is once again merely a cargo station for the Army.

The Polish Merchant Fleet's War Record

During the almost six years of war since September 1, 1939, the Polish Merchant Navy has taken part in convoys on all of the lifeline routes of sea communication and was present at all invasions which were carried out during the war with Germany and Italy. The Polish Merchant Navy supplied Great Britain and the Far East, and transported troops from the Dominions to Great Britain and British forces to the Near and the Far East. It was also present wherever the common Allied cause required it. Many losses have been incurred by the Polish Merchant Marine: about 20% of the personnel and some 50% of the tonnage of seagoing vessels. The latter have been partly replaced by new ships, either purchased or obtained through lend-lease.

When war broke, Poland had about 135,000 tons of shipping. During the war, she lost over 62,000 tons, of which 50,000 were lost after the Polish fleet left the Baltic.

Many masters, officers and men of the Polish Merchant Fleet have received both British and Polish decorations for their work during the war, including: one posthumous *Virtuti Militari*, 60 Crosses of Merit, eight Golden Crosses of Merit with Swords, 39 Silver and 54 Bronze Crosses, one Golden Cross of Merit, two Distinguished Service Crosses, one DSO (Distinguished Service Order) and Bar, and 12 Orders of the British Empire.

Medals Illustrate the Polish Nation's History and Artistic Progress

by DR. IRENA PIOTROWSKA



Courtesy Walters Art Gallery, Baltimore
Early 16th century medal with profile of King Zygmunt I.

IN ancient times medals were not distinguished from coins; that is, both served as money. It was not until the third century of the present era that medals began to be regarded rather as works of art than as legal tender. During the Middle Ages the art of medal making was lost and medals did not reappear until the fifteenth century, first in Italy, later also north of the Alps, Poland included. Here, since the beginning of the sixteenth century

cast for Zygmunt I date from the years 1525 to 1527 and show the King in profile. They are distinguished by great simplicity and extraordinary strength of expression. Of the Italian medalists who worked for Zygmunt I, Gianmaria Padovano is best known. He was summoned by the King to Cracow to help with the interior decoration of the famous Zygmunt Chapel built in Wawel Cathedral. After having finished his assignment at the Cathedral, he executed, in 1532, four excellent medals, signed and dated, bearing portraits of the royal family.



Medal executed in 1636 by Sebastian Dabler of Danzig to celebrate the signing of the peace between Poland and Russia in 1639.

While cast medals in Poland of this period were made by foreigners, the first Polish struck medal that we know of, was produced by a Polish artist in 1533. It was the work of Maciej Schilling, born in Cracow, for some time head of the Polish mint in Torun, later of that in Wilno. The style of his medals, which are sometimes signed M.S., bespeaks both Italian and German influences. Cast med-

als of the period are usually of gold or silver; struck medals, however, are of bronze.

A medal of great beauty with the image of Zygmunt I is owned by the Walters Art Gallery in Baltimore. The medal is set inside the cover of a Polish early-seventeenth-century tankard of jasper with mounts of silver. The resemblance of the impressive and dignified portrait on the Walters Art Gallery medal to that King's majestic profile on Jan Matejko's famous canvas, *The Prussian Homage*, is striking, but not surprising. This great Polish nineteenth-century historical painter, was wont to study old medals while composing his paintings, which deeply impress us by their truthfulness and power of expression.

While from the time of Zygmunt I and Zygmunt August only one Polish medalist is known, their number increased considerably during the reign of King Stefan Batory (1576-1586) and generally during the last quarter of the sixteenth century. It was among the workers of the numerous Polish mints that Polish medalists grew up. While cast medals of the period were still made by artists coming from abroad, struck medals were produced by minters of coins, who attempted to try out their talents in medal making. Their products are somewhat primitive in style, still they possess

original and native traits which lend them special value. And their style is strictly subordinated to the requirements of the technique. A number of such medals produced between 1582 and 1585 come from Wilno and bear the monogram P.P. Of the mints from the time of King Stefan Batory that in Danzig assumed greatest importance thanks to the technical improvements introduced by the brothers

Gobeliusz. Another mint of high standing was that in Poznan. It is interesting to note that both in Danzig and Poznan, as well as in Cracow the goldsmiths' guilds also produced medals: in gold, by means of *repousse* work, a rare technique, favored chiefly in Holland of that day.

Polish medal making grew apace during the reign of Zygmunt III (1587-1632) of the Waza dynasty and that of his son Wladyslaw IV (1632-1648). It is noteworthy that Zygmunt III himself was an amateur goldsmith and medalist. But while some of his chalices have been preserved until recently, none of the gold medals that he executed have come down to our times.

During the reign of the Waza dynasty, commemorative medals came into wide use, celebrating nationally significant happenings, such as coronations, royal marriages, victories, or the signing of a peace. With time, landscapes or views of cities were more and more often added as background for the scenes represented, and decorations, including arms and delicately embroidered cuffs and collars, became more and more profuse, reflecting the love of richness and extravagance characteristic of the Baroque style in general. Also, use of allegory became popular. By the middle of the seventeenth century Flemish influences predominated. They reached Poland partly through Danzig, which was Poland's most important center of medal making during that period. Of the numerous seventeenth-century Danzig medalists of renown Sebastian Dabler was the most outstanding. In other parts of Poland, Jan Engelhardt of Wilno enjoyed greatest popularity.

During the reign of Jan Sobieski (1674-1696), who had a French wife, French medalists worked chiefly for the royal house, while local production



Medal commissioned by King Stanislaw August in commemoration of the First Balloon Flight in Poland in 1788.



Medal executed in Paris after a drawing by B. Podczaszynski to commemorate the bloody patriotic demonstrations in Warsaw in 1861. The inscription reads "Out of your blood will rise an avenger of this land."

Filip Holzhauser was summoned by him to head this mint. Holzhauser's successor was Jan Jakob Reichel, and finally, in 1892, a Pole, Jan Regulski, an excellent medalist, became the head of the Warsaw mint, after assiduous studies at home and in Italy.

The numerous medals struck for Stanislaw August represent, along with portraits, almost all contemporary events in the country that related to social, economic and educational reforms. Stanislaw August commissioned his medalists to execute medals that he distributed among poets, artists, and scientists. In addition to this, the monarch ordered medals that he awarded for outstanding military service to the country and medals that he gave great Polish leaders of his reign. All these medals are distinguished through outstanding design, beautiful engraving and excellent likeness of portraits. The lines are regular, the compositions clear and simple. Their style in general is the outcome of a special blending of French Rococo and Italian Classicism, and is known as the *Stanislaw August* style.

The nineteenth century was a period of sharp decrease in the art of medal making throughout Western Europe. The introduction of more perfected machinery lessened the part played by human hand and eye in the processes of striking and casting medals, greatly to the detriment of the art. The medalists have ceased to trouble themselves about the final

metallic product and have lost the sense of material. Often their medals are simply reproductions of drawings, submitted by painters. So are nineteenth-century Polish medals. Casting of medals was preferred to striking medals during that period.

Although partitioned Poland had a few foundries equipped to cast medals, the most valuable (Please turn to p. 10)



Gold medal in honor of Zygmunt III by Samuel Ammon of Danzig, 1621.



Medal struck in 1910 by Jan Raszka to commemorate the Quinticentennial of the Battle of Grunwald.



MEDALS ILLUSTRATE THE POLISH NATION'S HISTORY AND ARTISTIC PROGRESS

(Continued from page 9)

able nineteenth-century Polish medals were produced by *refugee* artists, chiefly in France, where they were unhindered in both their artistic development and their choice of subject. In style their medals are French, in subject they are devoted to great Polish men and patriots of all times or they commemorate patriotic manifestations of the period. A well-known nineteenth-century Polish medalist was Wladyslaw Oleszczynski, a stipendiary of the Warsaw mint, who after the downfall of the Polish Uprising in 1830 settled in Paris.

Toward the end of the nineteenth century efforts were made to renew the old way of medal making, mainly in France. This movement found a gifted follower in Wincenty Trojanowski, famous for his two extremely beautiful medals executed in 1900 for the Jubilee of the Jagiellonian University in Cracow and in honor of the great Polish novelist, Henryk Sienkiewicz. These two medals form a starting point for a splendid evolution of modern Polish medal art. While Wincenty Trojanowski represented the early-twentieth-century medalists of Warsaw, Jan Raszka represented the Cracow school, and Jan Wysocki that of Poznan. Raszka's best known medal is that struck in 1910 to commemorate the Quinticentennial of the Battle of Grunwald during which the Poles destroyed the might of the Prussian Knights.

It must be emphasized that along with the above-mentioned medalists by profession, almost all Polish twentieth-century sculptors tried at one time or another their skill in medal making, and with no mean results. However, it was the professional medalists who became chiefly responsible for the flowering of medal art in Reborn Poland, since it was they who were entrusted with the teaching of the rising generation of Polish artists, who studied at art schools and art academies. The professors taught their pupils to create medals as artists did of old, to stress the particular characteristics of the medal technique, to bring out a harmonious relation of type to background, to keep the relief flat. They instructed them to produce bronze medals by means of dies that were engraved by hand in the old-fashioned way. As a result, the young generation of Polish medalists produced works technically much like those first Polish medals struck during the sixteenth century; but artistically the modern works outdistanced by far the early Polish attempts at medal making.

Polish twentieth-century medals created both by older and younger artists are well represented at the collection of medals assembled by the Museum of the Polish Roman Catholic Union of America in Chicago, which offers also a comprehensive survey of Polish medals of the past. This collection's oldest medal dates back to the year 1589 and was struck at the death of Henri de Valois, who for a short time was king of Poland. Of the Museum's more numerous seventeenth-century medals let us at least mention two in silver,

commemorating the coronations of Wladyslaw IV and Jan Sobieski. A beautiful bronze medal of 1764 celebrates the coronation of Stanislaw August. Another eighteenth-century medal was struck to order of this King in honor of King Sobieski. Too numerous to mention in detail are Polish patriotic medals of the nineteenth century. The Museum's sixty medals devoted to the Polish and American hero Tadeusz Kosciuszko belong partly to this period, partly to our own century. Of the older twentieth-century Polish medalists, Trojanowski is represented by his famous Sienkiewicz medal and Raszka by a medal struck in honor of the painter Jacek Malczewski; of the older

Polish sculptors, who only occasionally produced medals, we may get acquainted with Stanislaw Ostrowski through his medal commemorating the funeral of Marshal Pilsudski in 1935, with Jan Szczepkowski through a medal executed for the Centenary of the Polish Uprising in 1830, and with Edward Wittig through one struck for the Polish Ministry of Agriculture. Of unusual beauty are the sport medal by Jozef Klukowski and the Copernicus medal by Stanislaw Szukalski, both artists belonging to the younger group of Polish sculptors. Equally fine is the medal struck in honor of Sobieski by Wojciech Jastrzebowski, leading Polish decorative artist. The younger generation of Polish medalists, who carried the art of striking medals to the highest level, is represented by Henryk Grunwald's Polish Air Club medal, Stanislaw Repeta's two Gordon Bennett medals, Jozef Aumiller's Pilsudski and Paderewski medals, and by works of other Polish medalists and sculptors, no less talented and no less successful in their art of medal making.

Before this war, Poland had numerous splendid collections of medals, some of which dated back to the time of King Stanislaw August, an ardent medal collector. As they no longer exist, the medal collection at the Polish Museum in Chicago is all the more valuable.

"It's a Strange Liberation"

"The Soviets are not permitting any relief action to reach the Poles unless it goes through Soviet-controlled channels. The American Red Cross is distributing food, medicines, and clothing, but it had to approach through Moscow. The head of the Polish section of UNRRA is a Soviet citizen. Representatives of other American organizations have not so far been admitted to Poland. Poland is supposedly liberated and free, but there is no means of communication through normal channels to or from the outside world, no way by which we on this side can get help to friends in desperate need. Strange liberation."

—ANN SU CARDWELL.



Modern sport medal struck in bronze by Jozef Klukowski.



Medal struck in bronze by Jan Szczepkowski in commemoration of the Centenary of the Polish Uprising in 1830.



Medal struck in bronze by Stanislaw Ostrowski in commemoration of the Funeral of Marshal Pilsudski in 1935.

A POLE WHO DIED FOR AMERICA

by PROFESSOR WACLAW LEDNICKI, University of California

IT was my duty recently to write a short article about a young Polish soldier in the American Airborne Service, who was killed at the very end of the war in Germany (*The Polish Review*, Vol. V, No. 24). In that note I gave a translation of the marvellous letter written by him just before his death. The letter was an expression of his inspiring Jewish-Polish idealism and of his faith in the final triumph in this present struggle, of justice and freedom.

I feel it is now my right to pay tribute to another Polish boy of similar high character and promise, whose story is equally significant and touching. Wladyslaw Sokolowski, the son of the Polish Consul in San Francisco, volunteered in the United States Army Air Corps in 1942. At the end of his training period, Lt. Sokolowski was sent to the Pacific front. Throughout his year of active service, in all of his hundreds of combat hours and combat missions, Lt. Sokolowski showed the same courage, brilliance and skill that are characteristic of Polish flyers. He was killed on a strafing mission over Panay last March 24.

Major Hill, Commander of thirty-sixth Fighter Squadron, to which Lt. Sokolowski was attached, paid this tribute to the Polish hero: "Soko's work was very important. He skillfully and courageously participated in strafing, dive bombing, patrol and escort missions that have protected our shipping and safeguarded our bases. 'Soko' was always ready for any mission and always did a wonderful job. He performed his duties ably and you may well be proud of the courage and skill he displayed. But more than just being an excellent pilot, he had a personality that made him one of the most popular and well liked men in the squadron; his loss is keenly felt by each of us."

Another of the numerous messages to Lt. Sokolowski's bereaved father was from Lt. Gen. Ira Eaker, Deputy Commander of the U. S. Army Air Forces, who wrote: "Lieutenant Sokolowski's ability to accomplish aviation problems and his painstaking efforts were apparent in his commendable record of cadet training, which was called to my attention. After he graduated with the rating of

pilot at Williams Field, his outstanding courage and the fine spirit he manifested in cooperating with fellow officers were recognized by all who knew him well. The passing of Lt. Sokolowski is a real loss to his organization."

In the very time when the father was desperately fighting in the Consular field for his imperiled country, the son fought and gave his life for the cause of America. The Japanese war is not closer to Poland than the war in Poland was to America. There is added tragedy in this symbolic death; and can there be any American conscience

that fails, or refuses, to admit its moral significance? I do not know what the motives were that induced young Wladyslaw Sokolowski, the son of a Polish Consul, to enter the American Army. But I think it very likely that a strong consideration was his profound confidence in the community of causes of all people of good will. Who is to know that it was not perhaps an idealistic emphasis of the sacrifice he was making for his own country?

I do not want to introduce into this very special reflection any political digressions. I am reluctant to do so, but there is one observation that must be made. The Polish Government in London, represented by Lt. Sokolowski's father, declared war on Japan immediately after Pearl Harbor. The so-called "Lublin Government" never did. The reasons for both decisions are clear enough; they do not require any explanation but do they not require judgment?



Flight Lieutenant Wladyslaw Sokolowski, killed over Panay, the Philippine Islands, March 24, 1945.

POPPIES WILL GROW AGAIN

*These battlefields, these fields of strife,
These fields of future legend,
Poppies, bursting forth in bloom, will cover rankly . . .*

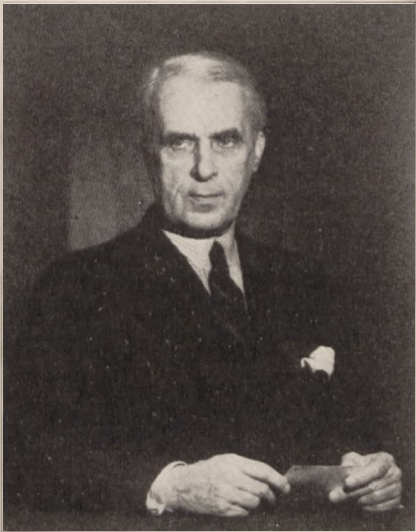
*Thou Nature, thou, before ourselves,
Wert first, with pitying heart, to honor,
With the fire of radiant blooms,
The Unknown Soldier's memory.*

—MARJA PAWLIKOWSKA (1942)
Tr. by Irene Pyszkowska in "The Polish Land."

THE MISERY OF THOSE WHO SURVIVED

DR. JURASZ REPORTS ON HIS

VISIT TO WESTERN EUROPE



Dr. Antoni Jurasz.

EUROPE is today a test case for the cure of mankind, and unless we erase the misery of living that remains like a gaping wound in the heart of the war-torn continent by easing the lot of the displaced persons, former slave laborers and prisoners of war still held in Western Germany, our victory shall be incomplete, Dr. Antoni Jurasz, director of the Paderewski Memorial Hospital in Edinburgh, Scotland, declared on July 26 at a meeting of the Paderewski Foundation

held in the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel, New York City. Most of the Poles in the British Zone of Occupation in Western Germany, Dr. Jurasz declared, must still live in the very same dirty, overcrowded huts, in camps surrounded by barbed-wire and are to this day guarded by the same German sentries as before. When Dr. Jurasz visited six of thirty such camps last May, talking with numberless persons held there, he was everywhere confronted with the same sort of despairing attitude, with hopelessness expressed in such answers to his questions as, for example:

"What is victory to us, but a change of masters!"

"We find no good, no idealism anywhere. Our mental stress is beyond human endurance."

"We know nothing of our families, nor can we communicate with them."

"We are physically wrecked."

"No one cares about us."

Dr. Jurasz plans to establish an army mobile hospital, released by the War Department, a nursing school and relief centers, made possible by the Polish War Relief, in the British Zone of Occupation to help care for the approximately 1,500,000 displaced Poles still held there. An appeal for further aid will also be made by Dr. Jurasz to the President's War Relief Control Board.

Physical aid and treatment for these people is not enough, however, Dr. Jurasz declared, for the mind and body are so closely connected that unless distrust and fear of the future are driven from these people's minds, nothing much can be done about their poor physical condition. Some who have endured German terror and oppression for more than five years have reached a state where they no longer wish help, but only to be left alone. They do not have any affirmative opinions about anything.

One of the greatest of post-war problems, Dr. Jurasz continued, is the necessary hospitalization of thousands of such persons. In order to begin caring for

them, the idea arose to ask for and organize a mobile hospital similar to those used during wartime by the armed forces, that would be moved from place to place bringing aid to these displaced Poles. The Polish War Relief has made possible such a hospital of 400 beds, which Dr. Jurasz hopes will soon be increased to 600 or even 1,000 beds. There will be a special mobile operating room, a sterilization room, and a mobile x-ray unit to test for tuberculosis. A personnel of 250 Poles has been selected from Great Britain and the camps in Germany. Dr. Jurasz also hopes to establish a school of nursing in which women trained in the profession who are now in the camps can prepare to take their places in the hospital and in any other relief work that is to be decided upon, such as orphan homes, social centers and convalescent homes, Dr. Jurasz added. Part of the plan would be to bring women soldiers of the Polish Home Army now held in the camps to more womanly professions.

The yearly upkeep of the planned 400 bed hospital will be, according to Dr. Jurasz' estimates, \$217,000. Dr. Jurasz also hopes to have a center to care for the displaced Poles set up in Western Germany between the cities of Bremen, Hanover and Osnabrück. The winning of the peace, Dr. Jurasz concluded, is a job for non-political physicians rather than politicians, because the former are better able to assume the role of apostles who must lead these war victims back to a normal, useful life. At present, Dr. Jurasz said, the thought that people have been liberated is merely a drug that soothes the conscience of the Western world.

Dr. Jurasz' speech climaxed a short visit to the United States during which he consulted with officials of the Paderewski Testimonial Fund and the Polish War Relief, both located in New York City. Mrs. Vernon Kellogg, Chairman of the Paderewski Testimonial Fund, presided at the meeting.

The Paderewski Hospital in Edinburgh, Scotland, which was founded in 1941 has cared for 62,392 out-patients and 30,000 in-patients. It was organized at the University of Edinburgh by the Polish School of Medicine attached to that

university. More than 100 Polish medical students have been graduated from this School. The Paderewski Hospital will continue for approximately one year more in Scotland. There are 23 professors and lecturers and 24 doctors attached to the Polish Medical Center in Edinburgh.

Ignacy Jan Paderewski, the great Polish patriot and artist for whom the hospital was named, was always deeply interested in the well-being of his people.

Upon Paderewski's death in June, 1941, his compatriots decided that the best way in which to perpetuate his memory would be to establish a much-needed hospital for Polish forces stationed in the British Isles outside of Edinburgh, Scotland, bearing his name. This hospital, made possible by donations from the Paderewski Testimonial Fund, Inc., was opened on October 17, 1941.

—A. H. ANIELEWSKI.



A Polish family makes a home out of a large room in the captured Wehrmacht post of Gniesnau Kasserne.

POLISH FLIERS AID POLES IN GERMANY

ONLY a few days after the first Polish Bomber Squadron, called the Mazovian Squadron, had finished its active war service with an attack on Berchtesgaden, site of Hitler's Mountain chalet, it was transferred to duties of a more peaceful nature. At first, it ferried liberated prisoners of war from the continent to England. Later it dropped food and supplies to the starving population of Holland. All of the pilots agreed that these are the best flights that any of them have ever made. Practically hedge-hopping on these missions, they were able to observe the Dutchmen's faces as they received the supplies. The Hollanders would always run at first sound of the Lancasters circling over head, and stand waving and directing the planes in city streets or country roads.

The flights to the designated spots, marked with huge white crosses were not difficult, but the pilots could never be certain whether the Germans would not open fire on them.

On May 20 of this year, the Mazovian Bomber Squadron began flying medical supplies and clothing to Poles in Germany, liberated from slave labor and prison camps. The flyers all carried out these missions most willingly, well knowing that bringing aid to their brothers, the so-called "displaced persons," in the Western Reich is at present the most important task they can do.

On seven flights carried out between May 20 and June 12, these Polish aces transported some 120,000 pounds of medicines, medical supplies, vitamins, and clothing that the Polish Red Cross and the Ministry of Public Welfare in London delivered to the Division's air base in Britain. Everything that reaches London must be repacked and sent on in a matter of but a few hours. The number of flights the Division makes depends on the amount of supplies delivered to its base.

It is most interesting to observe how the Division prepares for each flight, repacking all the supplies into containers that

will withstand the trip in the bombers to the continent. Only those who have seen it can appreciate the amount of effort behind each such mission of mercy, for it is no easy matter to repack thousands of bottles of medicine, hundreds of pairs of shoes and sets of clothing. When everything is ready in the hangars, which have now been converted into huge warehouses, the motor dollies that used to carry bombs out to the planes are loaded with supplies and go out to the bombers waiting on the field. The crates of supplies are lifted up into the planes' bomb bays. And even then their troubles are not over, for the bombers still have so much war equipment in them that there is not too much space left for these peacetime cargoes. When everything is finally set and in place, the flight personnel, wipe the sweat off their faces and go to the crewroom for final instructions.

Most often they take off in the morning though sometimes the flights are postponed until early afternoon, so that after delivering their cargoes in Brussels, they can return that same day to their home base. Besides the supply ships, there is always one plane in each flight that carries a crew to unpack the transport in the Belgian capital.

The heart and soul of these flights are the "intellectuals" of the air field, who are untiring in their efforts to see that everything goes well and even take a hand in the work.

The Division's flyers work anonymously and paint only the following inscription on the boxes and crates that they deliver to the Continent: "Transported by Polish flyers." Undoubtedly this is sufficient. I have seen the Polish camps in the Reich and know what the freed Poles think and say about their countrymen who have flown them these priceless supplies and aid almost from the very moment of their liberation.

I also know that they will never forget the Polish Air Force's six years' service and its countless battles waged for freedom during the war.

—L. Leny-Kisielewski.



A Polish slave worker sits bowed with grief over the body of a Polish boy who was one of the 300 victims burned to death by the Germans in a gasoline-soaked barn at the Godeleben concentration camp. S.S. troopers surrounding the flaming building machine-gunned fear-crazed men trying to escape.

Former Polish Weather Man Discusses the Climate of the United States and Europe

HERALD Square Press has announced its publication of *Comparison of Climate of the United States and Europe* by Dr. W. Gorczynski. The author of this 300-page comparative study was formerly director of the Polish Meteorological Service in Warsaw.

Dr. Gorczynski points out that while the climate of the Northeastern United States (an area extending from New York and Boston to Detroit and Chicago) is very similar to that of Central Europe, it is by no means identical. The European continent is subjected to considerably fewer rapid and violent temperature changes than is North America. Except for the Mediterranean coast, European winters are cloudier and rainier; hot summer days are much more frequent in the United States. A comparative study of climatic similarities and differences may shed some light on why Americans of a given European ancestry settled where they did in the United States. Hence, this volume should prove of interest not only to the meteorologist and the geographer, the medical and other specialists, those in aviation and the tourist trade, but also to the layman who seeks an explanation of many social problems. A scientific book written in a readable, popular manner, its numerous maps and meteorological data make it a valuable reference work.

The United States has a great variety of climatic types ranging from an extreme and even polar climate to a very mild one on the California and Florida coasts. Nevertheless,

says the author, there is no spot in the world where man neither shivers nor perspires when at rest, or where an ideal climate prevails regardless of the seasons.

There are ten definite climatic types. The question arises as to which type is relatively best suited to this or that purpose. However, when one speaks of the best type, one must keep in mind that this definition refers to human comfort and has nothing to do with so-called climatic energy. The "best" climate may be far from having an invigorating and stimulating effect upon human beings. It is well-known that a much cooler climate with frequent changes of weather, like that of Chicago, Detroit and New York, is more conducive to human activity and enterprise. It is also true that longer periods of hot weather such as those experienced in the South and especially in the West Indies and Panama exercise a debilitating effect upon the human body and mental power. Although we are entitled to complain on a cold winter day in some northern country with its frequent changes in temperature and rainy or snowy skies, it should be remembered that some unpleasant periods are necessary in order to strengthen our resistance and keep our body and mind in good shape and ready for productive activity.

Dr. Gorczynski's *Comparison of Climate of the United States and Europe* costs five dollars and may be ordered from Herald Square Press, 233 Spring Street, New York City 13. —L.S.

YALTA AFTERMATH

(Continued from page 2)

developments. There were those in Washington and London who hoped for an early and most satisfactory solution of the sore Polish dispute. But the fifteen underground leaders who proceeded to the headquarters of General Ivanov were lost without trace after March 28. Rumors spread that they had been taken east in a motorcade. In Moscow, however, the tripartite commission dealing with the Polish problem heard or saw nothing of them. Churchill and Roosevelt were advised of their disappearance. To all inquiries from London and Washington, the Soviet Government turned a deaf ear and its representatives looked as bland as if they had never heard of the matter. On April 12, the day of President Roosevelt's death, the Moscow correspondent of the Communist "Daily Worker" in London, John Gibbons, categorically stated in a dispatch that it was "absolutely untrue that the Polish political and military leaders were in Moscow." Here was an international mystery of the first order.

(Weeks later, at San Francisco, Commissar Molotov casually announced at a dinner party for Foreign Secretary Eden and Secretary of State Stettinius that the Polish leaders were under arrest in Moscow and that the guilty ones would be punished. They were subsequently given a show trial and convicted of plotting a British-Polish-German attack against the Soviet Union.)

Having first eliminated by diplomatic means at Yalta the legitimate London government from the proposed new regime of national unity, Stalin now eliminated by other means nearly the entire surviving leadership within Poland. As Foreign Secretary Eden declared at San Francisco, "most of these men were just the type who should, in our view, have been consulted about the new national government in Poland, if such a government was to be truly representative of Polish democratic political life, in accordance with the Crimea decision."

On the very day the fifteen Polish leaders were surreptitiously abducted to Moscow in violation of the safe conduct granted by the Red Army, a bombshell exploded in the lap of President Roosevelt. The deal which he had made with Stalin at Yalta and which he had kept a deep secret, leaked out. It became known that the President had agreed to let the Soviet Union have three votes in the assembly of the world organization, reserving for the United States three votes also. The White House was forced to confirm the existence of this deal on March 29.

Not perhaps since the announcement of the Supreme Court packing proposal was the country so shocked and stirred. An army of newsmen descended upon Secretary of State Stettinius

with a catechism of searing questions. Public opinion was aroused not so much over the strange Yalta bargain itself as over the unsavory handling of the matter. The faith of the smaller nations in the United States leadership at San Francisco was put to a severe test. On April 3 President Roosevelt announced that the United States would drop the plan to ask for itself three votes in the assembly of the United Nations. Although this eased the atmosphere considerably, the blow to the moral prestige of Roosevelt's leadership was painful.

At the same time, the Soviet Government presented sudden demands upon the United States and Great Britain that the puppet Lublin government be allowed to send a delegation to the San Francisco conference. This was equivalent to a demand that the Moscow-sponsored regime be recognized as the rightful government of Poland. But Washington and London rejected Moscow's proposal. Stalin was highly displeased, and he repeated his demand in more insistent terms. The scene of the gathering world-security meeting began to look more and more ominous.

The final blow came when the preparations for the San Francisco Conference were going on at a feverish pitch. President Roosevelt expected to open it in person within three weeks. The race against Soviet unilateral action which he had run at Teheran and at Yalta, the President was confident, would enter its final lap at the Golden Gate. There Stalin would at last be pinned down to a code of conduct prescribed by all the nations of the world.

And then Moscow announced its delegation to San Francisco. The list did not include Foreign Commissar Molotov or any representative equal in rank or standing to those of the other big powers. This was a flagrant insult, which the smaller nations and the colonial peoples of the world could not fail to read. Whether or not it was intended to wound the pride of President Roosevelt by showing the Soviet contempt for his Messianic scheme, there could be no question that it served notice that the Soviet delegates would pursue the same tactics of sabotage and nullification adopted by them in all the international conferences up to and including Dumbarton Oaks.

On April 12, President Roosevelt died. When President Truman took over, there followed a period of uncertainty in the Soviet attitude towards the United States. On the one hand, Stalin, continued his policy of unilateral action. His setting up of a government in Austria, without consulting the Allies; the unleashing of a wave of terror in Bulgaria preparatory to "free elections" which led to the flight of the pro-Allied peasant leader, Dr. G. Dimitrov, to the American legation where he is

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U.S. CONGRESSMEN OF POLISH EXTRACTION: JOHN LESINSKI

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that everything which is within his power, and within the power of a large group of Members of Congress, is being done to save those unfortunate people.

"I have been in constant communication with the State Department, the War Department, and the UNRRA," he says. "I have conducted a number of conversations with Colonel Wm. F. Pearson, the War Department Liaison Officer at the House of Representatives. On July 10 I forwarded a letter to Colonel Pearson in which I stated that many Polish soldiers have been liberated by the American Army but the question arises as to whether they are at liberty to go back to their own country freely, or whether they are to be sent back to the communistic regime in Poland, which government has been forced upon Poland. I know that 99% of the Poles do not believe in that type of government, but I am wondering whether these soldiers are to be sent back to again be interned and starved or sent to Siberia, or possibly even be shot.

"I am of the opinion that there should be an early decision made between our Army of Occupation and the State Department as to what is to become of these prisoners. Whether they will be forced to return to their country of origin against their own wishes, or whether they will be free.

"I am glad to inform you, Mr. Nowinski, that a few days later on July 17 I received this letter from Colonel Pearson:

"Dear Mr. Lesinski:

"This is in further reply to your letter of 10 July

1945 inquiring as to the disposition of war prisoners, particularly Polish citizens who fought in the English Army, who were captured by the Germans, and who have since been liberated by Allied Armies. You stated that many of the Poles would not wish to return to their homeland and you asked whether they would be forced to return to their country of origin against their wishes.

"While this question is not primarily one for the Army, I have been glad to take the matter up with the War Department and I have been informed that it is not the Army policy to repatriate Polish displaced persons against their will. Those persons within the zones of responsibility of the United States Army who do not wish to return to Poland at this time are being cared for in Germany and Austria in displaced persons camps. These camps are operated by military government teams and also by teams of the United Nations Relief and Rehabilitation Administration."

"You see I am doing everything in my power," concluded Congressman Lesinski, "to help those unfortunate people who have sacrificed everything for the Allied cause. They are sons of a great country, Poland, who always held high the banner of liberty for all. The Polish nation has not produced a single Quisling during the war. And those so-called Poles who form the present 'government' of Poland are mostly communists for whom the words 'honor', 'country', and 'liberty' are as remote as they were for Hitler and Mussolini."

SRUL — FROM LUBARTOW

(Continued from page 5)

to swarm round! Well, whoever even looked at them there? Do you know, Sir, I could never have believed that I should ever think about them! But here, where it's so cold that even the crows won't stop, you can't expect to see little things like that. But they are sure to be there with us? They are there, aren't they, Sir? . . ."

But I did not answer him now. I no longer doubted that this old fanatical Jew was pining for his country just as much as I was, and that we were both sick with the same sickness. This unexpected discovery moved me deeply, and I seized him by the hand, and asked in my turn:

"Then that was what you wished to talk to me about? Then you are not thinking of the people, of your heavy lot, of the poverty which is pinching you; but you are longing for the sun, for the air of your native country! . . . You are thinking of the fields and meadows and woods; of the little songsters, for whom you could not spare a moment's attention there when you were busy, and now that these beautiful pictures are fading from your recollection, you fear the solitude surrounding you, the vast emptiness which meets you and effaces the memories you value? You wish me to recall them to you, to revive them; you wish me to tell you what our country is like? . . ."

"Oh yes, Sir, yes, Sir! That was why I came here," and he clasped my hands, and laughed joyfully, like a child.

"Listen, brother . . ."

And my friend, Srul, listened, all transformed by listening. his lips parted, his look riveted to mine; he kindled, he inspired me by that look; he wrested the words from me, drank them in thirstily, and laid them in the very depth of his burning heart . . . I do not doubt that he laid them there, for when I had finished my tale he began to moan bitterly, "O weh mir! weh mir!" He struck his red beard, and in his misery feared like a child's rolled fast down his face . . . And the old fanatic sat there a long time sobbing, and I cried with him . . .

Much water has flowed down the cold Lena since that day, and not a few human tears have rolled down suffering cheeks. All this happened long ago. Yet in the silence of the night, at times of sleeplessness, the statuesque face of Baldyga, bearing the stigma of great sorrow, often rises before me, and invariably beside it Srul's yellow, drawn face, wet with tears. And when I gaze longer at that night-vision, many a time I seem to see the Jew's trembling, pale lips move, and I hear his low voice whisper:

"Oh Jehovah, why art Thou so unmerciful to one of Thy most faithful sons? . . ."

YALTA AFTERMATH

still finding sanctuary; the mock trial of the abducted Polish leaders in Moscow on charges of loyalty to their own country and government; Tito's seizure of Trieste and his attempt to force the city and the surrounding littoral into Sovietized Yugoslavia; the Kremlin's demand that the SHAEF (Supreme Headquarters of the American Expeditionary Forces) be dissolved before the Allied troops are permitted to enter Berlin; the steadfast refusal to admit Allied press representatives into nearly a dozen "liberated" countries and areas now occupied by the Red Army; the unilateral publication of the zones in Western Germany claimed by Moscow as set aside for Soviet occupation; the seizure of the Danish Island of Bornholm in the Baltic; the pressure on Iran, where the Soviet forces are in possession of the northern provinces; the deal with Czechoslovakia providing for

the cession to the Soviet Union of Carpatho-Ruthenia; the annexation simultaneously of certain Hungarian districts by the Soviet Union; the transfer of large populations from the East to Western Prussia and of ancient Danubian settlements to the Russian steppes; the peremptory series of demands on Turkey; all of these, and many similar Soviet steps, were in clear defiance of the spirit and the letter of the Yalta Agreement.

In Moscow, Hopkins succeeded in putting back on the Roosevelt tracks the train of American foreign policy—at least, for the time being. Hopkins engineered, with the aid of Davies in London, our complete surrender on the Polish question by reversing the Anglo-American stand as to the proportions of Lublin and London Poles to be included in the new government under

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YALTA AFTERMATH

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the provisions of Yalta. We now agreed to give Stalin's puppets four fifths of the posts in the proposed Polish government, and the key posts at that.

Then Hopkins arranged for another meeting of the Big Three, this time in Berlin, which has been made in Soviet Russia the symbol of Soviet unilateral victory over Germany. It was Marshal Zhukov who told the world from the Red Square in Moscow on June 25:

"The Soviet Union played the main, decisive part in the achievement of this historic victory over Germany. For three years the Red Army single-handedly fought the armed forces of Germany and her satellites."

Thus does the President of the United States once more take secondary rank in traveling to meet the Soviet Premier within the Soviet zone of occupation. And this at a time when Stalin no longer has the excuse of having to conduct a war, while the United States is bearing the brunt of the fight against Russia's age-old enemy, Japan.

To the Western democracies, the supreme principle in international relations is the right of a nation, large or small, to self-determination. Not so to the Soviet State, which recognizes a higher right. Declares Stalin in his standard work, "Marxism and the National and Colonial Question":

"It should be borne in mind that besides the right of nations to self-determination there is also the right of the working class to consolidate its power, and to this latter right the right of self-determination is subordinate. There are occasions when the right of self-determination conflicts with the other, the higher right—the right of a working class that has assumed power to consolidate its power. In such cases—this must be said bluntly—the right to self-determination cannot and must not serve as an obstacle to the exercise by the working class of its right to dictatorship. The former must give way to the latter. That, for instance, was the case in 1920, when in order to defend the power of the working class we were obliged to march on Warsaw."

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